Lo here weeps HECVBA, here PRIAM dies,
Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROYLVS sounds;
Here friend by friend in bloudie channel lies:
And friend to friend giues vnaduiſed wounds,
And one mans luſt theſe manie liues confounds.
Had doting PRIAM checkt his ſons deſire,
TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly ſhe weeps TROYES painted woes,
For ſorrow, like a heauie hanging Bell,
Once ſet on ringing, with his own waight goes,
Then little ſtrength rings out the dolefull knell,
So LVCRECE ſet a worke, ſad tales doth tell
To pencel'd penſiuenes, & colour'd ſorrow, (row,
She lends them words, & ſhe their looks doth bor-

Shee throwes her eyes about the painting round,
And who ſhee finds forlorne, ſhee doth lament:
At laſt ſhee ſees a wretched image bound,
That piteous lookes, to Phrygian ſheapheards lent,
His face though full of cares, yet ſhew'd content,
Onward to TROY with the blunt ſwains he goes,
So mild that patience ſeem'd to ſcorne his woes.

In

In him the Painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceipt, and giue the harmleſſe ſh
An humble gate, calme looks, eyes wayling
A brow vnbent that ſeem'd to welcome wo
Cheeks neither red, nor pale, but mingled
That bluſhing red, no guiltie inſtance ga
Nor aſhie pale, the feare that falſe hearts

But like a conſtant and confirmed Deuill,
He entertain'd a ſhow, ſo ſeeming iuſt,
And therein ſo enſconc't his ſecret euill,
That Iealouſie it ſelfe could not miſtruſt,
Falſe creeping Craft, and Periurie ſhould t
Into ſo bright a daie, ſuch blackfac'd ſto
Or blot with Hell-born ſin ſuch Saint-lik

The well-skil'd workman this milde Image
For periur'd SINON, whoſe inchaunting ſto
The credulous old PRIAM after ſlew.
VVhoſe words like wild fire burnt the ſhinin
Of rich-built ILLION, that the skies were ſ
And little ſtars ſhot from their fixed places,
VVhē their glas fel, wherin they view'd the

L